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soup and catholic action

By

Thomas R. Shworles

This is dedicated to the sympathetic reader who has experienced more than once the frustration involved in seeking an answer to a problem, but never quite finding it. This is the tale of the development of a reasoned judgment which states that Catholic Action can be synonymous with the word *soup*.

Where or when I first heard of Catholic Action, I do not remember, nor did I know what it meant. Yet I heard everywhere reference made to "Catholic Action," "Lay Apostolate," and "Catholic Activity." That there was no agreement as to definition I soon came to realize. But this was what stimulated my interest; there was emphatic agreement that Catholic Action is needed today. Popes have always called for lay people not to regret that they are born into an era typified by wants, strife, and lack of passion for justice, but for gratitude for being born into an age which offers the opportunity actively to participate in fulfilling the precepts of Christ. And this was the crux of my problem—I was convinced regarding its necessity and wanted to participate in Catholic Action, but I did not know what Catholic Action was. Accordingly, I set out in search for a clarification of Catholic Action.

I decided on the Friendship House movement. I was led to believe I would find in it an atmosphere created by Catholics and vivified by apparent activity based

on Catholic principles. I departed, therefore, from my Freshman finals, and headed towards a three months vacation as a Visiting Volunteer in one of the movements centers: a place of activity named Blessed Martin de Porres Friendship House, located in Chicago, 4200 South and 200 East.

There I resolved that everything, no matter how insignificant, was to be recorded for observation; for a thing is manifested by its actions, and if Friendship House was truly Catholic Action, I would soon find out.

I went for my first clew to the Preamble to the constitution of Friendship House. Admittedly, it read dry as a dictionary:

Friendship House is an organization of Catholic lay men and women united to sanctify themselves and the society in which they live through an effort to restore the justice and love of Jesus Christ to individuals and to social institutions, particularly with a view toward interracial justice. The purpose, therefore, of the organization is three-fold. To glorify Jesus Christ; to sanctify its members; and to sanctify other men and women and the social institutions of our times, particularly in the field of race relations.

But repeated analysis gave me a lead. There were a few clues—the idea of organization was the first. Group work has often been asso-

ciated with Catholic Action and here were people adhering to the tenet that the world is too complex to be confronted by an individual, and that teamwork, groups, united efforts provide the successful challenge. Perhaps this is it. I wondered. Catholic Action means working in a group. But caution was the by-word; other clues pointed in different directions.

We are often reminded that "those who seek after justice shall find their fill," and we are encouraged to create in society a passion for justice. Then Catholic Action could mean anything which is done in an organization working for social justice—more specifically, anything which is done under the guidance of a working schedule set up by a Director of Friendship House could be classified as Catholic Action. In other words, if my working schedule directs that on Monday I type in the morning, paste labels on begging letters in the afternoon, and proof read for the *Catholic Interracialist* in the evening, then these three things are in a legitimate sense Catholic Action.

But the narrow definition above does not include much that occurs at the House not accounted for in the work sheet. Could we call profound reflection, a revolution in the mind and its ordinary way of reliving events, Catholic Action? Such is a natural phenomenon in the course of the day at

Friendship House. Two young girls visiting the House for only a few days are sent to gather information from families requesting help. Immediately they are familiar with poverty, for they walk to visit these families. It is not traditional to provide carfare for such duties. Finding their building, they climb with difficulty the rickety, winding staircase. Locating the apartment does not mean finding the desired family—one family in each “apartment” is not the vogue. And the process of revelation continues. This reality—conditions plus the causes supporting them—is Catholic Action to these girls who have always lived in the ideal home. The story of an interracial couple and their sorrows can be designated Catholic Action if by them we are made aware of reality.

A lesson in justice and charity according to the above definition is Catholic Action. On Wednesday morning a young fellow just sobered comes into the House. Rather than abide by the rule of taking a numbered card and sitting in line with the others who are waiting for their turn to go to the clothing room, he goes directly, gets a suit of clothes, and disappears with his bounty, a bounty which I thought was unfairly won. An inquiry later revealed that his was a case of necessity. I asked another question, how can so much time, money, food, and all those things which we don't have enough of be given in a manner

incomprehensible to modern social agencies. The answer was simple, a quotation from the rule of St. Benedict: “Let all guests be received as Christ.”

Another lesson was one of personal adjustment. Our six week summer school session of “supervised recreation” is coming to an end, and a perfect closing would be getting the children out of the city for a day, for the majority their first trip into the country. But this trip means fifty dollars to some bus company, and the budget makes no allowance for such luxuries. Prayer is the first recourse. Someone, too, must beg. He begs for his friends and this act is important to him, for it is the first time he begs for someone else. Transportation is finally donated, and the person has inched upwards along the path to perfection. Catholic Action?

My note book of observations was becoming cumbersome and I was no nearer a real definition of Catholic Action as I had been at the beginning of the summer months. There were more possibilities. Catholic Action could imply toleration of a few discomforts—mice, crickets, and cockroaches. Perhaps Catholic Action is an ennobling of the mind by exposing it to information under formal conditions. There were the Wednesday night guest lecture periods in which the audience were not the only ones to be ennobled. Friday morning social justice discussions among the workers, study

weeks, study week-ends in the country, word for word dissection of the F. H. constitution, all these presented a strong argument for the theory that Catholic Action is education.

If education is Catholic Action then what could we call those things outside the House proper which we do in the name of Catholic principles? By living with families in the neighborhood, the staff protests segregation. By living in the Negro neighborhood and availing ourselves of its facilities we show that various races are capable of living together.

Work and sanctify yourself and the world will change as a result. This is the entreaty made to us by the saintly who recognize in that formula a means for the conversion of the world to Christ. Opportunity for personal sanctification was sufficient at F. H. Prime and Compline, group rosary, sung Mass, and private visits to the sanctuary, all were part of our daily routine. These things, however, did not make us perfect, especially in the morning. The combining of voices in singing the Kyrie (something novel for me) reminded me of the quotation, "Behold how pleasant and good it is for brethren to dwell in unity." The encouragement to pray together and the predicted change in society hints that this could be another definition of Catholic Action.

I was getting nowhere. I had as many interpretations of Catholic Action as I had observations.

The true meaning of this special term used by soldiers of the Church eluded me no matter how thorough was my method. At one time I was sure that the closest I would ever come to real Catholic Action was the time that I signed my name under the flourish of Father John O'Brien's signature at the request of a visitor from the Summer School of Catholic Action in session at the time in Chicago.

The end of my stay at F. H. neared and disappointment was still the marked note of my pursuit. But it didn't remain so, for it was during one of the last evenings at supper that I found what I wanted, a tentative symbol to me of what Catholic Action means. The final meal of the day commenced with a request for blessing and a request that the wants of others might be provided for. I carried the first bit of the main course to my mouth. Watered soup, again! The second spoonful did it. In all its simplicity and complexity, I finally realized what Catholic Action entailed. The meaning of Catholic Action for us at Friendship House can be symbolized in this bowl of soup, and in every bowl of soup I fought with in those past three months.

What was always there whether volunteers were many or few, clothes to give away were plenty or few, the Catholic Interracialist was mailed early or late, agencies demanded much or little, people came to Mass or did not, guest lec-

turers were interesting or boring, the children's program was stimulating or dull, effects of a begging letter were gratifying or discouraging? No matter how the other aspects of the activities of the House fluctuated what was sure to be present in the same form daily? Soup, just plain, watered-down soup. And what was there about this symbol of soup that made it peculiarly significant? It had much, as a matter of fact, it had everything in common with the various definitions I came upon in my search of Catholic Action.

Point one—soup symbolized stability, ever-presentness. Catholic Action will always be with us as long as the Church is with us and as long as there is a cry for justice.

Point two—soup symbolized group action. It was made in a large pot with the idea of group consumption, and it was over this pot that the group gathered. Catholic Action in its true form is characterized by group action.

Point three—soup symbolized a culmination and an interpretation of the day's events. It was to the background of the clink of spoon against bowl that the significant events of the past were discussed, scrutinized, and interpreted in the

light of future action. Catholic Action involves acts of observation, judgment, and action.

Point four—soup symbolized prayer. It was prefaced by and concluded with prayer. If one will follow me a little further, the very act of eating was, and can be in the most personal moments, an act of prayer. Catholic Action finds its vitality in personal sanctity, and in lifting up of all things to their source of creation, an action in which prayer is essential.

Point five—soup symbolized sacrifice. The staff participates in this style of living for love of poverty. They are all at F. H. at a personal sacrifice. Catholic Action conquers evil only after sacrifice. It does not bother with the sensational; that is the world's business. For the love of God it does things which are boring to others.

Am I not correct then in concluding that soup can be synonymous with Catholic Action? The former symbolizes what the latter means, stability, group action, technique of observation, judgment, and action, prayer and sacrifice. At the moment soup signifies to me the entire scope of Catholic Action. I am satisfied. I have found my answer.

Gary

By
Donald D. Hutton

I am from Gary. I have lived there almost all of my life. It isn't a big city, as big cities go. I believe the last time I heard the population it was something like 140,000 people. After living in Gary for so long, I do not think I would enjoy living in a smaller town.

In Gary you wake up to a conglomeration of sounds in the morning. These sounds you will gradually become accustomed to, though some people claim they never do. At first you will probably not be able to distinguish one sound from another, but slowly you will recognize the familiar sound of the Wabash freight, grinding slowly along the tracks a few blocks to the South, the newsboy selling his morning papers just outside your window, the changing shift of Mill traffic, and the two little children next door, arguing over who broke the vase on top of the piano. It's true that you do not, as in smaller towns, know every other person in town, but in your own neighborhood the people are as friendly as you can find anywhere. The mothers still talk about the girl down the street, the accident which took the life of the woman across the street, and the "awful" way the new

paper boy throws the paper in the morning. Most of their gossip is still done across the backyard fence, while they are hanging out the Monday morning wash. The older men, coming from a night's work in the Mill, still talk about the way the Company could boost both morale and profit, simply by making some small change in the shop in which they work. The fathers still take an active part in their sons' Scout work. Almost any Saturday you can see men and boys of all ages playing football in the many parks in Gary. The older boys still walk their favorite girl friend home after school, after a malt in the corner Malt Shop.

I guess I will have to admit that you do have some things in a smaller town that you do not get in a larger city, but I am firmly convinced that for every good thing you can get in a smaller town, you can balance two good things from a larger city.

From this essay a person might get the idea that I have never lived in a smaller town, and am thoroughly prejudiced. I can safely say that I have lived in both large cities and small towns, and am firmly convinced in my own mind, that life in a big city can exceed life in a small town.

arch enemy

By

Richard F. Kotheimer

This is a translation in part from a book in German, *Officers Against Hitler*, by Fabian von Schlabrendorff. It relates the struggle of the German Resistance Movement within the Nazi government of the Third Reich, whose chief aims were to kill Hitler and overthrow the National Socialist party. Most of those mentioned as collaborators in the resistance paid with their lives for the failure of their attempts.

In order to safeguard the success of our plan to overthrow the Nazi coalition it was of great importance to win further influence within the ranks of the army. We were successful in converting some of the higher officers to our cause: General Stieff, Chief of the Department of Organization; General of the Signal Corps, Fellgiebel; Quarter Master General Wagner; Colonel Frieherrn von Roenne, Chief of the division Foreign Armies in the West as well as General Lindemann, head of the division of Maintenance for the Artillery Corps . . .

Our immediate task was to attempt the assassination of Hitler. For this we needed two things: a perpetrator of the assassination, and explosives. The latter was provided by Colonel Freiherrn von Freytagh-Loringhoven, who was in a position to procure for us superior English explosives, but not without difficulty. The first shipment met a peculiar fate. It should have been delivered to the High Command in East Prussia, but it was intercepted by General Stieff. His collaborators managed to hide it within the sphere of headquarters under a wooden tower. Through some unknown cause the explosives were detonated and lost.

This unlucky incident excited the attention of several security investigations. Luckily, Lieutenant Colonel Shrader, one of our reactionaries, headed the investigation and with much skill he al-

lowed it to become lost in red tape . . .

After consideration it was decided that Stauffenberg was a poor choice for perpetrator of the assassination. He was not suitable for the job since he had lost one eye, the right hand and two fingers of the left hand in the African campaign. Besides he was indispensable for the important task of the overthrow of Berlin after the assassination . . .

On June 6th the invasion of German occupied Europe began. A few days after Colonel-General Zeitler, then General Staff Commander of the Army, called all army intelligence of the East front to headquarters in East Prussia. At this opportunity I took Tresckow and returned to East Prussia. We met then with the trusted Duke Lehndorff in his retreat at Steinort.

Lehndorff was sent from Stauffenberg with instruction to ask Tresckow if our plan could adapt any specific purpose, since the invasion obscured any political goal for us. We considered the problem and came to the following conclusion as stated by Tresckow:

"The attempt on Hitler's life must succeed at any price. Regardless of the success of this attempt an overthrow of the Government must be attained. Since there is no other practical goal for us, these definite attempts must be made, if at the risk of our lives, so that the

German Resistance Movement may be promulgated to the world and recorded in history."

During the first half of the month of July Hitler confined himself to Obersalzberg near Berchtesgaden. The transfer of headquarters from East Prussia to Zossen, near Berlin, had begun. When Stauffenberg received orders for the military conference at Obersalzberg, July 11, 1944, he recognized the opportunity and laid plans for the perpetration of the assassination.

He flew to Obersalzberg in his private plane and with him he took the well prepared English time bomb concealed in his briefcase. His plan was to set the timing mechanism to discharge shortly after his report when he could withdraw from the conference room leaving the briefcase behind. His escape after the explosion was prepared so that he could return to Berlin to organize the coup d'etat. As the meeting began on July 11 the one man, Heinrich Himmler, who, next to Hitler, was the most dangerous, was absent. Stauffenberg held the circumstance of Himmler's absence so serious that he postponed the assassination attempt.

Immediately after that Hitler transferred his headquarters back to East Prussia. The next military conference to which Stauffenberg had access was on July 15 in East Prussia. Again Stauffenberg went prepared with the time bomb. This

time both Hitler and Himmler were present. Soon Stauffenberg was about to set the time device on the bomb, but Hitler, unexpectedly, left the conference room and never returned. So again the plot had to be postponed.

(I was informed of these two visits, the 11th and the 15th of July, by Ulrich von Oertzen. At the same time the third attempt was being planned.)

Since the next military conference to which Stauffenberg had access was scheduled for the 20th of July he was making preliminary preparation for the third attempt. In the meantime it was decided by Colonel-General Beck that at the next opportunity the attempt should be carried out regardless of the circumstances.

Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia was surrounded by three defense zones, which were entered only with greatest difficulty. For entrance to each defense zone it was necessary to have a permit. The same difficulty was encountered in the withdrawal from the headquarters. As Stauffenberg was admitted to the innermost defense zone, shortly before noon July 20, it was to his surprise that the conference was not in the usual room, a concrete bunker, but in a structure whose walls were partially made of wood. The conference area lay in a long corridor. In this room there was a long table. Upon one side of the table were places for five people.

Hitler was present as well as

most of those who usually took part in these military conferences. Himmler and Goring, however, were absent. Hitler had taken his place at the head of the table. The discussion concerning the replacement of troops was already over so Stauffenberg knew he could leave the room shortly after one o'clock. As planned, he set the detonator and placed his briefcase, which contained the bomb, near the leg of the table between his and Hitler's chairs.

After Stauffenberg had left the room, however, Hitler got up from his seat and went to the other side of the room where a large map hung. As he stood at the map the bomb exploded.

The fact that the walls of the room were partly plaster and partly wood resulted in the force of the explosion being expended through the flimsy wooden walls. Had the explosion taken place in the usual concrete bunker, then its force would have killed all those present. But it happened that most of the people in the building were thrown free from serious danger through the collapsing wooden walls. So most of them came out alive: a few major injuries, but most suffered only bruises and simple concussions. Many, however, died because of this attempt on Hitler's life: Hitler's stenographer, Berger; Hitler's Chief Adjutant, General Schmudt; General Staff Officer Colonel Brandt and the General Staff Chief of the Air Force, Col-

onel-General Korten. But Hitler was thrown out of the room by the repercussion of the explosion. He was only slightly wounded. As far as I know he suffered only a wound on the right hand and minor bruises about the head.

Stauffenberg, after leaving the room, remained in the vicinity of the building and waited for the explosion. He heard the rocking crack; he saw the bodies strewn from the building. He saw the blood soaked clothes torn to shreds. He remained long enough to see the medics carry away the wounded. With the belief that the bomb had done its work, he returned to Berlin and began the various tasks of revolution.

I was in Russia on the 20th of July with Army Communications Service. In the course of the afternoon a communique for Colonel Mertz von Quirnheim notified him of the success of the attempt. I was ordered soon after that to return to Berlin. Then came the first official bulletin over the radio; There was an attempt on Hitler's life, but he suffered only minor injuries.

Tresckow and I believed this first notice, however, to be a lie. Our anticipation was fostered by an official demand that no commands originating from Berlin be accepted. One thing was sure; the worst blow had been struck. The confirmation of its failure was

given in the middle of the night when Hitler gave a declaration over all of the radio networks.

I hurried to Tresckow who had gone to bed long before. I confided in him what to do next. Tresckow answered, "I will commit suicide! Sooner or later I shall be investigated and they'll force me to divulge the names of the other conspirators. To avoid that I must take my own life." I argued with him and pleaded for him to wait. Tresckow persisted in his conviction that he would take his life at the front the next day.

On the morning of the 21st of July, 1944, Tresckow and I parted. He was completely calm and composed. He said to me, "Now the whole world will ridicule and insult us. But I am of the firm conviction that we followed the right course. I hold Hitler not only an arch enemy of Germany, but of the whole world. When I step up to the seat of judgment to account for my deeds and omissions, I will be able to defend in good conscience what I have done in the battle against Hitler. When God once promised Abraham that He would not destroy Sodom if there were only ten courts of justice there, so I hope that God, for our sake, will not annihilate Germany. Whoever joined forces with us has put on a poisoned shirt. The moral worth of man begins when he is ready to surrender his life for his convictions."

honest abe

By

Buel T. Adams

Let's see now . . . the year musta bin 'bout '34 - - - 1834, that is. The place wuz a small town down in south-central Illinois, one of the many bends in th' road I run inta in m'rounds as a travelin' peddler. M'name? . . . John Little, if y'please; I sell household pots 'n' pans, clothes and fin'ry, and all manner of spices and perfumeries. The ladies of these Illinois households—they usta sorta wait fer my visits ev'ry other month, t'see what new things I was bringin' all th' way from Chicago town. And, o'course, I usta throw in a few free things ever once in a while—presents, y'know . . . build up the customer's goodwill.

Anyway, this day was a real scorcher . . . July or August somewheres. And we (that's old Bessie, m'mule) was joggin' along goin' towards Springfield, when all of a sudden ol' Bess just about jumps outa her skin, fer we heerd the loudest goldern noise y' ever laid an ear to.

Whack! Whack! Just like someone choppin' trees, but who'd be fool enuf t'do that in the middle of summer? So, outa curiosity more'n anything else, Bessie 'n' me sorta sidled around to where we could see what was goin' on.

And there he was. A big tall lad;

more a young man he was . . . musta been over six feet in his socks. He had a rail on th' ground, held atween his legs—one of those old wooden fence rails, y'know, an' he was aswingin' this great big ax with strokes that were plenty powerful. Y'could tell this was nothin' new t'him.

He was bronzed from the sun, a mane of black hair on a sorta kinglike forehead, somethin' in his bearin' that pointed to great things to come. His features had that chiseled look that showed struggles met and overcome. I was just about t'meander a little closer, when I felt a hairy paw on m'-shoulder and turned around.

There wuz a kindly ol' face, sitch'ated on top of th' short body of a farmer fifty-sixty years old.

"I wouldn't bother Abe right now," says he; "he's just goin' strong now an' any interruption'll ruin his concentration."

"Oh," says I. "But why's the lad doin' such hard work in the middle of the hottest spell this year?"

"Abe don't mind. He's cuttin' rails for poor ol' Widder Thompson t'other side of the creek. Her fence's perty near busted down an' Abe said he'd fix 'er a new one. Abe's always doin' stuff like that."

"He sounds like a fine boy."

"The finest. There's none better. Why, folks 'round here call him 'Honest Abe.' Allus ready to help out. Abe's been noted fer that ever since his family came here from Kentuck' some 15 years or so ago."

And then the man—Hank Laird was his name—told me somethin' of the boy. How he got his nickname when he was a grocery store clerk by walkin' six mile in the rain t'return two cents he'd overcharged someone. How he uz always so kind to th' children an' animals, an' how they loved him. An' he also told me of Abe's political ambitions.

"Abe's thinkin' of runnin' fer state senator next year. Been readin' up on politics and thinks he c'n do some good. I'll say one thing—he's sure got us on his side. That boy'll go far—might even be pres-

ident some day."

I reckoned then 'n' there as how I'd better get acquainted with this people's choice. We c'd see that Abe'd stopped his labors, an' so we ventured over to th' boy. Ever step we took, th' lad got bigger. By th' time we were at his side, he was easy six-three, a real commandin' personage.

Abe heerd us comin' and turned around. He smiled an' his features really blossomed out all over. He took out his ol' red bandana kerchief an' swabbed his forehead, then stuck out a sweaty palm.

"The name's Josh Little," I said.

"Mine's Abe," he replied. "Abe Glutz."

Abe Glutz ran fer state senator next year an' got beat by 350,000 votes. I never heerd of him ag'in.

A genuinely lived human life is a life framed by obligations, a life pervaded by the consciousness that every good possessing an authentic value calls for an adequate response, and that it is not up to our arbitrary pleasure whether we respond to it, adequately or not; a life in which we accept the gifts of God in a disposition of gratitude, realizing the obligations to appreciate it, to protect it, to make sacrifices for its preservation.

—Dietrich von Hildebrand,
The New Tower of Babel

Through the years, Monsignor Dewey had lived according to a schedule: his work was planned; his rest was planned; his prayers were fitted into the schedule; and even his meditation time — the half-hour before the morning High Mass—was clearly set. For forty-eight years, with few exceptions, he had adhered to these guides.

As the years fell away, however, Gerald Dewey found it progressively harder and harder to begin and to conclude his daily appointments or to lay aside the morning mail in his office at St. Gregory's Rectory; in fact, everything he did took longer and seemed more arduous. He felt himself becoming more and more engulfed by a tide of details — details which took more and more of his time every day.

Today, December 24, was even worse: on the desk before him, covering the usual mass of religious book ads, bills, requests for Masses, marriage interpellations, and the frequent Chancery correspondence, was the barrage of Christmas cards. Without realizing it fully, the old monsignor had become less thrilled and more cynical about life. Even Christmas had lost its glamour and spirit. To him the spirit of Christmas had tarnished like old tinsel: a confused, bustling, hollow holiday had long replaced the holyday of his youth.

As a result, these lithographed blobs of color on his desk had come to represent Christmas Pres-

ent: the three capitalistic-looking Magi, the simple-minded shepherds, the artistic but nevertheless sensual angels, the modernistic triangles which were to represent the season of Christmas cheer. The monsignor noted the cold, proper formality of the donor's printed name, the duplicity of cheap designs, the genuine engraving which was the mark of the successful few in his parish.

"Commercialism — mass-produced Christmas spirit—," grumbled Gerald Dewey. His rasp broke his train of wandering thoughts and reset the stage of reality. His eyes focused at length on the wall clock, 7:35. He quickly realized he was behind again in the tiring rush of activity that had been his since assuming his duties at St. Gregory's.

As he walked quickly to the reception hall to get his coat, he glanced through the leaded door pane. There, hung with a cheap, weathered loop of red satin, was a round wreath of holly, rigidly symmetrical, flat and skimpy, but which nevertheless fulfilled the arbitrary requirements of the season.

Monsignor Dewey sighed and slipped into his heavy black overcoat. He then entered the dining room where his sister was clearing the dishes from the table.

"Helen, is Father Mark back from church yet?"

Without glancing up or interrupting her work, Helen said, "He just finished breakfast a little bit

ago and then went upstairs to his room."

"That's just like him. Never here when I need him . . ."

"Should I call him?"

"No, I haven't time to wait now. Just tell him to be sure to be here when Mrs. Thompson comes again to see about the wedding. I may be late. Don't forget."

Abruptly the pastor left the house by the side door. The day was not exceptionally cold. Mot-

the little things

tled, gray clouds filled the low sky. The stone path had just enough snow and ice on it to further irritate the pastor. Remnants of a feeble snow two days earlier remained, but now the few crust-ed dunes were specked with soot from the church's monstrous chimney.

"Every day more and more bears down on me," sighed the seventy-four-year-old monsignor. To Gerald Dewey one of the most peaceful and reassuring times of the day was his pre-Mass meditation. To him, his oak *prie-dieu* that faced the high altar from the priest's sacristy was a close link between this world's cares and their resolution in the next. Lately his medi-

By

Joseph R. Barnett

tations had become more and more prolonged. Perhaps the delays of old age accounted for it or perhaps the world had changed: worries, problems, and cares exist now that pastors a century ago were never forced to face.

The old priest, after some effort, pushed open the paint-thickened weathered door to the sacristy. He always welcomed the semi-darkness and the faint scent of incense; today this atmosphere was gone. Contrary to the pastor's almost vehement prohibitions, the altar boys had already vested and had come over to the priest's sacristy, instead of remaining in their own until time for Mass. Their conversation reflected pre-Christmas gaiety. This was too much for Monsignor Dewey—even his meditation period was being infringed upon.

"What do you mean, babbling like this within sight of the Blessed Sacrament! Get out! Go over to your own sacristy until I'm ready for Mass. How often must I tell you boys these things."

The boys knew that the pastor wasn't known in the parish for his mild disposition. Picking up the skirts of their too long cassocks, they retreated. The pastor was visibly disturbed, but this morning, however, his irritation had found added fuel without his realizing it.

"Why," he thought, "can't I find joy anywhere, like other people do? Why must I begin the day like this?"

The pastor slipped out of his coat and let it fall onto a chair by the window. Half-consciously he glanced downward at his unkempt appearance. His cassock was mended none too skillfully in spots; the purple buttons had lost their luster; the piping on his sleeves and cape was worn and discolored. He had neglected even the purple of which he had been so justly proud twenty-one years ago.

"Lord, what's happened to me? Why have I changed so? You know I try hard to do my best as pastor, but lately time fights against me. I want to do well the job you've given me. Why must I fail in everything! I've lost my patience in dealing with the parishioners; I lack ambition in so many ways; I find myself becoming more and more vindictive; I no longer feel satisfied with what I do. Why, Lord? Why?"

"In a way, my whole life seems to be falling in around me. When I was first ordained, I felt that everything I did helped someone in some way and so was directed toward You. Now I feel that I've lost the over-all purpose of my efforts and go on, day by day, plodding through the unimportant details—wedding receptions, paper work, speeches, suppers for the women's religious clubs—all these are hindering me from accomplishing anything at all. Before ordination I dreamt that my life would be one of helping others in their major trials and problems. Now all I am is a clerical and so-

cial worker. This wouldn't be so pointless if it led people to You, but it doesn't, try as I do, I see people slipping farther away from You. Lord, do I expect too much or . . ."

Monsignor heard the shuffle of the altar boys approaching. He looked up at the clock, 7:55. Time had again triumphed in its own rushing way.

"Lord, help me to see what to do—soon, Lord."

He felt mentally tired as he ascended the altar steps for Mass. The purple vestments emphasized the whiteness of his hair and the sallowness of his skin. Even during Mass, the pastor felt burdened with cares. As he began the Introit, his throat felt exceptionally parched: "*Hodie Scietis, quia veniet Dominus . . . This day you shall know that the Lord will come, and save us; and in the morning you shall see his glory . . .*"

As he returned to the center of the altar, his eyes rose to the familiar crucifix: "Lord, please come; come to me and help me!"

As the monsignor left the church, he sensed that the best part of the day had passed; the arduous was yet to come. He grasped at what was echoing in his mind: *This day, you shall know that the Lord will come, and save us; and in the morning you shall see his glory . . .*

Even the morning before Christmas was filled with the usual, tiring sameness. Mrs. Henry Thompson and her daughter had

another appointment to review the plans for what would be, according to their hopes, the biggest holiday wedding of the year. The details were minutely mapped. The old pastor wearied of it all: "Is all this really so important?" he asked himself. "There is a spiritual side to marriage, or do they know."

The Thompsons overlooked the semi-sarcastic remark as a sign of the priest's old age. More and more, Gerald Dewey had come to realize that he was being merely respected and tolerated because of his years. After the Thompsons left, the monsignor reseated himself in the comfortable and now quiet study and attempted to complete his Christmas sermon, but he soon realized why his efforts were fruitless.

When the eleven o'clock bell rang, Monsignor Dewey realized that he had dozed off in his chair, but sleep had not relieved his tiredness. Still the sermon lay uncompleted on his desk.

His sister and Father Mark made futile efforts to draw him into the luncheon conversation. Occasionally the old priest would nod a feeble reply.

"Monsignor," said Father Mark cheerfully, "you act like the little boy who's found out there's no Santa Claus."

"Maybe I have," the pastor replied softly, as he rose from the table and left the dining room. He proceeded directly to the *prie-dieu* in his bed room. He drew his time-dulled rosary from his pocket, but

despite his efforts at concentration, he barely had finished the first decade before a series of thoughts of the past distracted him . . . He was walking up the steps toward the rectory at St. Gregory's that June afternoon—at last, his own church and what a beautiful church! Fleeting years of striving and failing, construction plans, parish quarrels, diocesan boards and committees, striving and achieving. Herein were mingled sorrow and joy, hope and disappointment . . . The purple cloth glowed with newness and symbolism as Bishop Brownley placed the robes of domestic prelate into the hands of Monsignor Dewey . . .

The old pastor woke gradually. As he rose he experienced an uncommon sense of dizziness. He walked over to the window and gazed dreamily through the venetian blinds. The attempt at snowfall was becoming more successful: the lawns and shrubs were whitewashed in splotches, but the streets and sidewalks were still a shiny black. The day seemed strangely dark for the hour. Occasionally a passer-by or a car would break the stillness; only then would Monsignor Dewey's eyes change position, and then only in subconscious movement.

At two o'clock he put his coat over his shoulder and started to church for confessions. The snowfall had strengthened even more. There was something in the fresh whiteness that stirred the monsignor. Earlier snow had meant larger

coal bills, walks to be cleaned, and wet mail. Now it seemed mildly refreshing.

What was usually a quiet, dark church at this time of the day was a center of activity. Today darkness hung only in the upper regions of the vaulted church; today the faint odor of candle and incense always prevalent was replaced by the seasonal pine tree smell; the usual, quiet movement of the flickering red flame in the sanctuary lamp was lost in the decorating shuffle; the boys' choir was earnestly, if not always too accurately, ringing forth the traditional Messianic message. As he prepared for confession, the priest took a bit longer than usual. He prayed with his head, rather than his heart. He picked himself up and walked towards his confessional. The line outside his box was long, although not as long as that waiting for the assistant. There were few parishioners who didn't know by now that the monsignor's disposition often became frayed at the edges. In the long lines outside the Gothic confessionals of St. Gregory's was a representative cross-section of American Catholicism: people of all paths of life and of all penitential dispositions. It amused Gerald Dewey to notice how many penitents not too convincingly busied themselves reaching into a purse for nothing or coughing into an ample handkerchief or merely lowering their heads piously as he passed by so as to avoid recognition and what they

felt later would be embarrassment in the confessional.

Even though he was very tired, all afternoon the old priest consciously strove to put a little more fervor into understanding the penitents' problems, and he was often successful. Late in the afternoon a man's nervous voice whispered through the white cloth into the pastor's ear: "Father, do you suppose you could give me some help and advice before my confession?"

"If it concerns your spiritual life, certainly," replied the monsignor.

"Father, the point is that I've been happily married for a rather long while . . . that is to say comparatively happy until lately . . ."

"What happened, son," the confessor said, seeking a more succinct answer.

"That's the trouble, Father; I just don't know. Nothing's changed that I can put my finger on, but really everything's different: I can't say that I'm definitely unhappy; it's simply that our marriage itself seems unsuccessful—everything seems to go wrong; life is the same, day after day; what I'm trying to say is that my marriage hasn't been at all what I hoped and expected it to be."

Time after time before, the pastor had heard the same story. He answered accordingly, speaking as if from a written formula, used for every case like this. "What have *you* done to make your marriage happy—how far have you gone out of *your* way to make it

succeed?"

"Why, I support the family adequately; they lack nothing they need; I don't go out often; and I've never looked seriously at a woman," the man replied, taking the defensive.

"I didn't mean that—those things are expected of you. What about the little things?" The monsignor paused a moment.

"The little things," he repeated to himself. Something inside began to tug at him. He brushed it aside and continued. "Don't you suppose honestly that your wife feels the same way, if what you say is true? Look at it this way: marriages are made in heaven, and it takes heaven to sustain them. How often do you and your wife receive the sacraments—*together*?"

There was silence. Gerald Dewey warmed to his task. "And what's more, don't think that there's anything in life that retains its original rosy glow after years of daily wear. The luster may fade a little in anything, a job, a possession, or a state of life, a marriage, for instance." The words or *the priesthood* almost slipped into his consciousness but he shrugged it off as a product of a vagrant mind. He returned to his formula. "The essence or inherent quality of it remains intact. It takes a little effort—or even a lot of effort, however, on the part of all concerned, and that means on your part, too." By now the priest realized that he was speaking not only to the man kneeling before him

but to all his past penitents and those the future would bring.

"Now my advice to you is simple; whether help comes or not is up to you. Think over what I've said; realize that every marriage has its problem and disappointments, but this would be heaven if they didn't. Try with a little extra effort to make the most of what you have to put up with every day, and I'm sure that you'll find that these little problems will often lose some of their sting. Christmas is a wonderful time to start—both spiritually and otherwise—but don't lag afterwards. Don't look for faults in your wife; look for her qualities. Will you at least try my suggestion?"

"Yes, Father, of course I'll try. Thank you very much for your time and advice. I'm sure I can make it work out."

Gerald Dewey relaxed, unwinding himself as the penitent slipped out. The formula still impressed him after many years with its common sense. He thought of the many he had soothed by his talk about little things. "Just the little things," he said, pleased with himself, "how much difference they make." He leaned over to hear the next penitent. Suddenly he wondered why he kept adverting to those words, *the little things*.

The last penitent passed through the confessional. With a sigh of weariness and relief and yet with a vague feeling of accomplishment, the monsignor stepped through the maroon velvet cur-

tains. The church was deserted. The last faint notes of the boys lingered in the air. The only light piercing the fast settling dusk shimmered about the Nativity scene. The weary pastor moved slowly up to the front of the church, his interest naturally falling on the stable containing the painted, plaster statues. The soft light of a solitary bulb surrounded the blues and reds and greens of the figures against the background of the golden hay.

Gerald Dewey knelt at the sanctuary railing before the crib, gazing intently at the figure of the Infant lying with outstretched arms and seemingly looking directly at him. He had seen this statue countless times before, the first time he was building a crude crib. A new assistant at St. Gregory's determined to do good, he had spent hours on it, only to have the roof come crashing down at Mass. He had been very disappointed. A tremendous trifle his pastor had referred to it when he attempted to console Fr. Dewey. He had gone on to say that trifles like that, many of them, would be the sum total of his life. Gerald Dewey smiled absent-mindedly. "How true his pastor had been," he thought, "a priest's life equals a mass of tremendous trifles, little things." Suddenly the force that had tugged at his consciousness in the confessional broke into it. "The little things," he said to himself. He sensed himself back in the confessional, repeating his formula to

that anxious man. Now the words meant something to Gerald Dewey—" . . . the luster may fade a little in anything . . . but the essence or inherent quality of it remains intact . . . it takes a little effort . . ." A sense of hope began to surge through him. He felt like Paul at Damascus when scales dropped from the great apostle's eyes. He saw again the gem-like beauty of the priesthood.

His mind cleared gradually and the priest found himself still gaz-

ing into the eyes of the figure of the Christ child. While he knew the figure was mere plaster, nevertheless, he caught a piercing warmth and hope that shone forth from the carved, azure-blue crystal. In these clear eyes, the old priest saw the mental myth that he himself had created disintegrate, and his worries resolved themselves away. He buried his face in his hands and sighed, "My God, thank you . . . thank you!"

ode to a cigarette (a la w. whitman)

Thee for my recitive! thou pale
 bundle of leaves of grass,
 So circulatory, cylindrical, tubular,
 So rigid, staunch, sturdy, tight, expensive,
 So fully packed,
 So liberative and facile on the res-
 pire.
 Camerado of kings, beggars,
 tramps, Scandinavians and
 Magnificent Me,
 Thou "T" Zone treat, healer of
 failing epiglottises, pericardia,
 avaclavicles and ennui,
 Waft your incense, thou censor of
 the labial organs, burn, blaze,
 smolder for fumacious Me
 and thee.
 Tainter of teeth, plutonic pack-
 age,
 Benefactor to Ronson, ash trays,
 Sen-Sen, forest rangers and
 street cleaners,
 Of thee I sing, yawp,
 Ugh! Noel T. Coughlin

on the movie cartoon

By

Francis J. Molson

Connoisseur of movie cartoons that I am, I take exception to a deplorable habit now rampant in current cartoons. My reaction is so violent I am about to raise the standard of revolt. Docile and patient by upbringing, I can endure so much. Lately I have been pushed too far. Let me explain: I am partial to democracy and the cause of the little man. Along with the best citizens, I pay taxes, sing patriotic songs, and display my red feather. No committee has ever found any unamerican skeletons in my family's closet. Yet I realize the little man is little and performs only spasmodically in a grand manner. A few fanatics, however, have championed the little man and blown him into a creature forever righteous and triumphant. As a result a cult of "little man over all" has arisen. An observant person can find traces of this cult everywhere—in the movies, in books, and in conversations in the subway or over a glass of beer. But now the insidious movement has penetrated the inner sanctum. The cartoon—that brief animated sequence of delightful nonsense—has been tainted. Every time I attend the local cinema, my critical sensibilities smart with chagrin.

This is the way events occur now in the cartoon. The scene is set. Enter the cat, a jovial feline; his only care? trying to be a good mouse catcher. Out from his well accommodated hole stalks the innocent and free mouse. The cat begins to perform as nature only prescribes and the fun commences. Amid the hilarious wreckage one thing soon becomes apparent—the cat has not a chance. When the cartoon ends the audience sees the mouse, smirkingly triumphant, the lord of all. About the cat? He is either flying away into the spacious void or in a state nowhere resembling that of a frisky, gracious housecat.

I vehemently protest. Not from a flimsy "be kind to animal" sentiment does my protest stem, but from a consideration of outraged nature. No mouse can continually outwit any cat so humiliatingly. It is unnatural and illogical.

After seeing one of the democracy-saturated cartoons, I have often wondered why the cat has to suffer. It bothered me. It is true I realized it was another example of a Hollywood *captatio benevolentiae*, this time to the fervid, flag wavers and "democracy over all" crowd who resent in any form the mastery of the big man over the

little. Yet this did not seem to cover the entire situation. Even Hollywood is not that simple. A genuine son of the scientific age, I decided to ferret out the real reason. Obtaining the most recent tomes on catology and mouse antics, I browsed through them and discovered several oddities which may serve as explanations.

Smith's *Catology* had this to say. During the first World War a German spy introduced the cartoon (notice the name—Tom and Jerry). His intention was to have the cartoon serve as a propaganda vehicle; the victorious cat representing might over weakness. But our counterspy in a patriotic gesture captured the German, permitted the mouse to win, and all democracy lovers were able to relax again and await happily the expected victory.

Jones' *Mouse Antics* slyfully suggested the creator of the original "mouse conquers all" cartoon may have suffered from insomnia. One night, the story goes, when sleep seemed always around the corner but never made the turn, the neighbor's cat, a frolicsome feline, decided to romp about the nearby alleys. The sputtering and spattering produced whenever a similarly inclined amorous cat challenged, undoubtedly caused a severe psychic state which has lingered to this day. He now shows his gratitude by devising various situations in which cats undergo all kinds of torture.

Who knows? The standard books may be right but I have a pet theory or two of my own to explain this deterioration of the cartoon. The originator may have belonged to that select minority of mortals who find mice pleasant. He (surely not a she!) has mice, just hundreds of them, all over the house—under the sofa, up on the chandelier, even tucked away in bed. I don't know. Perhaps there is always one perched on his drawing board. A female mouse, serving as a kind of Beatrice.

One reason the mouse may win is the fact that the originator was an out-and-out misanthrope and enjoyed irritating people any way he could. Sometimes, when I have sat through a particularly offensive specimen, I suspect the artist has a secret grudge against my family. Perhaps one of my aunts jilted him; I hope so.

Regardless of why the mouse triumphs, I am of the opinion a change is needed. We must return to normality. As a sign of my determination I intend to launch a crusade; (everyone else does!) I have called it—*Let the cat maul the mouse occasionally* or *Stop tampering with nature*. If there are others who think along similar grounds, this is your clarion call. We must organize to show our displeasure. Then once again the course of nature will be restored and, not the mouse, but the cat will stand supreme and revenged.

golden anniversary

By

Harold E. Vanden Bossche

In the year 1903 there dawned a new and prosperous era in the realm of ecclesiastical music. That year the Holy Father, Blessed Pius X, issued his historic encyclical, *Motu Proprio* to the universal Church, and at long last the world was capable of devising, on the best authority, firm norms for judging the suitability of religious music. Certain it is that there was great need for such norms. In an earlier era of prolific production of profane compositions, music of a secular nature had leaked into the churches, and a great deal of perfectly sacred music was secularized by theatrical presentation. Undoubtedly all this music of a classical era was very beautiful, but did it belong in church? Hardly, when it inspired the congregation to gape more at the choir loft than to attend with devotion the sacred mysteries of the liturgy. Of course, there were many abuses, also in the opposite direction. In general, the appreciation of and, consequently, the interpretation of Gregorian Chant also had deteriorated to a great degree.

Still, the passage of time—fifty years to a Church that deals in Eternity is nothing—has not outdated the encyclical, for its message to the faithful is timeless and its standards need never change. From the *Motu Proprio* itself we read, "Sacred music, because it is an integral part of the liturgy participates in . . . the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful." In setting up

our basic standards for church music we can readily see if they rest, as they do, upon this quotation, which has an elasticity of interpretation which can adapt itself to any age. We may conclude from the purpose of sacred music stated in the quotation above that certain qualities must be present to insure against abuses. Stated briefly, they are holiness, beauty of form, artistic form, and universality of appeal. By holiness we mean that the work must be of such a nature that it will inspire the hearer with religious devotion, not necessarily with *emotional* ardor. Beauty and artistry go together; where one is present the other may not be lacking. Were ecclesiastical music to fall short of true art it could hardly be deemed worthy of God, the artist of the universe. The final consideration, that of universality, implies that the music have appeal to the majority of the people of every nation. As is quite evident, the rules are stringent and few compositions can meet them perfectly.

Of all the works in the musical portion of the liturgy only that body known as Gregorian Chant is in absolute harmony with the dicta laid down by *Motu Proprio*. This is the oldest body of music in the Church and has come down from the days of Pope Gregory the Great, a renowned liturgical reformer and saint of the church. Gregorian Chant is definitely prescribed for several parts of the Mass and other religious functions.

Since so much emphasis has been placed upon chant, it is easy to see that the closer music comes to Gregorian Chant the more suitable it is for ecclesiastical use. Pope Pius left no doubt, however, as to what forms are most closely allied with the traditional Chant. Polyphony, a type of music in which several voices sing, simultaneously, different melodies is closest. Classical polyphony reached the peak of its perfection under sixteenth century Pierluigi da Palestrina, papal organist and choirmaster, and the works of this "Father of Polyphony" have been used now for three centuries in almost every nation on earth. The one drawback to the presentation of such masters as Palestrina is the fact that his pieces are generally written for four voice male choirs, not the universally found solo organist-singer of today. In order that great music may still survive vigorously in at least a few places the Holy Father prescribed that Chant and polyphony be cultivated in cathedrals, basilicas, and seminaries especially, since it was generally impracticable in other places.

Still the Church does not exclude from her services "... whatever genius has discovered of the good and beautiful, provided it be in keeping with the liturgical law." Thus we see that the Church does not limit herself to the old, but permits modern music if it be in agreement with the law. However, since it must be free from all theatrical motifs and

should not resemble the movement of secular works, comparatively little music of really recent vintage may be presented.

The Encyclical states very profoundly that Latin, and only Latin, is the language of the Roman Church, and that vernacular singing at solemn festivals is strictly forbidden. Particularly cited are the proper and common of the Mass and Divine Office. However, this does not include the Vespers recited in some churches on Sunday afternoons, since they are not, strictly speaking, liturgical functions. Likewise, "The Common-Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, etc.—must preserve in the music the unity of composition proper to their text." The common, in other words, should unite to form one large musical composition; if there is an altogether different theme and movement from one to the other parts, the work finds its condemnation in *Motu Proprio*.

Perhaps one of the most important and most overlooked provisions of the Encyclical is the statement that men alone are to form the choir for liturgical functions. The fact that it is necessary to have women organists and singers in most parishes is, at the very least, lamentable. As the situation stands, women are so common a choir loft fixture that they and the rest of the congregations have become totally habituated to the fact. Actually (no insults meant) women have no more right to sing at an ecclesiastical function than

they have to serve Mass. If necessary, it is stated, young boys should take the soprano and alto parts in polyphonic presentations.

Although the only proper rendition of music in church is vocal, the accompaniment of an organ is permissible. The organ may be used for preludes and interludes, but they must never interrupt the vocals or the progression of the Mass. These organ parts, like the musical compositions for voices, must follow the general rules. Nor may any other instrument be used in church without the express consent of the Ordinary, and then only on very special occasions, such as the dedication of a cathedral.

"In seminaries and ecclesiastical institutions the traditional Gregorian Chant . . . must be cultivated with all diligence and love." The great import of these words is often eclipsed by the other commands set forth in *Motu Proprio*, yet what could be more important in priestly training than an appreciation for so large a part of the liturgy as Chant? Singing by its very nature is the highest form of worship that man can give to God, for it not only contains prayer but that prayer is expressed with the greatest solemnity. Should not the future priest, who is to be custodian and dispenser of God's many gifts through the medium of the Church's liturgy, have an ardent love for that portion of the liturgy which gives the most glory to God? Surely, those

educators who would disregard, or at least minimize, the value of Chant in the seminary are, to say the very least, in opposition to the express commands of Pope Pius X. They would be perpetuating a fallacy already too common, and would actually be depriving the future priest of what is, in all justice, his absolute right.

Continuing in somewhat the same vein, His Holiness commanded the erection of conservatories where the instruction of the Church's choirmasters, organists, and singers might be given. Still, fifty years after publication, this provision of the Encyclical is probably the most violated, and the results of the violation are most evident. But where is the blame to be laid? Certainly not upon the pastors who are fortunate to have an organist at all! Nor can the blame be levied upon the bishops of the dioceses. Undoubtedly, they would if they could, financially or otherwise, erect such institutions. At present the problem seems almost insurmountable, but it must be overcome, and that can be done

only by starting from the top and working down. First the clergy must be trained, then that portion of the laity which has taken over, in the absence of clerics, certain positions in the liturgical functions. When this dream has become an accomplished fact, and only then, can a love and appreciation for liturgical music be instilled into the hearts of the faithful as a whole.

A word of warning, though, ought to be included here: music is one of the most essential parts of the Church's liturgy, it is true, but it still plays a role of only secondary importance. Never may Divine Services be subordinated to it, or used as a mere excuse for a sacred concert. Such abuses, should they exist, would be at variance with all propriety and should be dealt with severely.

Throughout the world we are celebrating the golden anniversary of *Motu Proprio*. Long will it stand as the rule book for ecclesiastical music—written in one era, appropriate to every era—the *Motu Proprio*.

The Turkish language is a wilderness for Westerners. We heard of a visitor who wanted to see one of the famous cemeteries, and, not knowing a word of the language, acted out what he wanted to see. He acted so well that they took him to a druggist, who then packed him off to a hospital.

dublin
boston
collegeville

The following short article, taken from Boston College's *Stylus*, which in turn received it from *The National Student*, University of Dublin, is proof that *Measure's* plight is not unique. Moreover, it shows that a few Catholic students are still attempting to stem the tide of complacent mediocrity rampant in Catholic colleges.

"For years the various editors of the *National Student* have been deploring the lack of response from students to requests for material. For years they have been struggling to produce something remotely intelligent out of the raging mediocrity with which they have been faced. A handful of stubborn and, in the circumstances, unbelievably ardent fighters have striven to give the appearance of thought and beauty to a magazine which has for so long been in existence in spite of, and not because of, the people whose minds and hearts it is supposed to express.

"Let us face it: the vast majority of students in U.C.D. have not the slightest interest either in the wisdom of the heart which is literature, nor in what a past editor has called 'the cold indifference of the intellect.' But now those fighters are gone—some to the enclosed fragrant world of higher learning, some to the safe narcotic jobs with pensions and a forty-hour week, some to seek in alien cities what they never found during the years of struggle against frustration and insensitivity and the great impassioned mediocrity which wreathes our grand little island. For the sky-woman with the clustering ringlets has grown fat, will never see forty-five again, is married to a man in the Higher Civil Service, has a brother higher still in the Catholic Stage Guild, and two promising lads at Belvedere.

"But yet we feel that those who went with bitterness in their hearts and the shattered dreams of disillusioned romanticism in their heads, were not altogether right. Take off the shroud of ignorance and what may we find—imagination, passion, a courtesy long since debased but not yet extinct, which kept a nation alive in the gap of hell. And because of these priceless things, we can yet hope for a further flowering, if only among that section of the people who in other countries would be known as the intellectuals—the doctors, the lawyers, the linguists, the historians, the makers of verse and music, and the stirrers of pigment.

"A University, we presume,

should be the nursery of many of those intellectuals, the people best qualified to express the mind and spirit of a nation; and the function of a University magazine should be the expression in print of the virgin questionings, the first tentative reactions to life of these future standard-bearers of a country.

"The future of the *Student* lies in the hands of those members of the student body who have a thought, however brief, for the seriousness of life, and the not-altogether despicable products of the mind of man.

"Please, let them come forward."

Recently, in one of the great squares of Berlin where the four Occupying Nations fly their flags, there was an occurrence which bleakly exemplifies the discrepancy between the humanity of the West and that of the Soviet. It was when Mayor Reuter died, a man respected and beloved. The British, the American, and French flags were hung at half-mast; the Soviet flag remained high.

the aesthetics of literature

By

William C. Walker

In the institutions of secondary and higher education, an attempt is made to give the student an appreciation of the fine arts. This conditioning is primarily concerned with the student's realization of the beauty in the form of the great masterpieces of art. In most schools the only fine art, which the students study with any degree of intensity, is that of literature. It is examined from both the emotional aspect, or the perception of the beautiful in the various forms of literature (emotion is used throughout in this meaning), and the intellectual aspect, or the perception of the ideas presented by the author of the work. Here, we are mainly concerned with the emotional aspect, and in what ways literature affects the emotions.

Literature may be defined as a composition of words. If the composer or author employed any craftsmanship, then each word will not only contribute to the beauty of the whole, but it would also have its own particular beauty. To realize the emotional quality of a word one must consider the component parts, the vowels and consonants.

Every particular letter has a certain degree of hardness or soft-

ness which, when put together, render the word capable of expressing a definite feeling. The short vowels and hard or explosive consonants in the words "not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers" certainly denote a feeling of scorn. But in the line "with jellies soother than the creamy curd," the long vowels and soft consonants of each word expresses a feeling of smoothness and fluidity.

Of course, the sound and the meaning of a word are concomitant. But the meaning is more concerned with the intellect, whereas the sound, even if read silently, expresses a portion of the aesthetic meaning of the whole. Naturally every word will not convey a feeling-tone. Such words as conjunctions and prepositions merely aid in conveying to the emotions the tone. Even the more important words at times do not affect the emotions: their purpose is to relate or refer to a particular feeling.

Along with the sound, most of the important words have the power of evoking a memory image in the reader. When the word "house" is read, the mind immediately abstracts it, *i.e.*, the mind takes the idea of the house in con-

tex and strips it of all accidentals such as color, place, and dimensions, and presents the concept of "houseness" to the memory. If in the memory a past experience is coupled with the concept, the emotions are aroused. Ordinarily the emotions of love, desire, and pleasure will supercede any of the opposite, and thereby an aesthetic experience will occur. This complex process is not within the grasp of the mind, so that it occurs instantaneously and unknowingly. Naturally if there is no association in the memory there will be no experience.

The next division of literature is the sentence in prose and the line in poetry. In both of these there are characteristics or qualities which, not only by their very nature, but also by their relationship in the grouping are capable of inducing an aesthetic experience.

The form of a sentence or line varies according to the tone desired by the author. The repetition of the same word, the omission, the transposition, or the addition of superfluous words, which in themselves are poetic licences, nevertheless bring about a particular feeling. These may be employed to hasten, to retard, or even to calm the experience in the individual; but all must be considered as inducements to the emotions. Such licences as these constitute material beauty of the highest kind. In connection with these grammatical figures, the rhetorical figures are also important. The associations of

resemblance, contrast, and contiguity make the passage flowery but serve to present to the reader a quality of emotional resonance.

One could almost say that lyric poetry is nothing more than figures of speech relating an experience of the author. The greater the amount of figures the more beautiful is the poem. The experience is sometimes so vague and obscure that even the author does not remember what it concerned, *viz.* Browning's *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*.

The sentence or line naturally would give a more powerful memory image than the individual word. There is no need for abstraction when the entire sentence is perceived. The beauty is immediately realized when the image is perceived. And since the process is immediate, the quality of the emotion directly increases, to such an extent as to produce a desire of rereading and sometimes even memorization of the particular part wherein 'the' line is contained.

Thus the form and the content of a sentence and especially in a line of poetry are the causes of the realization of the internal and external beauty in literature. Accordingly, the whole or complete work of literature would effect the same results. But there are certain other matters that are involved with the whole that are just as important if not more.

It is in the content of the whole that we are mainly concerned. Of course, the form of the whole must

not be forgotten. But this has been of a secondary nature since the "Age of the Romanticists." Previously, it was of the greatest importance, so much so that the classicist and the neo-classicist employed the same forms so often that they became monotonous, and consequently lost most of their beauty. Therefore, we shall turn our attentions to the subject-matter of literature.

The content, or subject-matter, of literature involves four elements; characters, incidents, atmosphere, and the author's reflections on a particular subject. It is the emphasis on one of these elements which determine the type of work; *i.e.*, if the author's reflections on a certain subject are dominating, it is considered an essay, or its poetic counterpart, a lyrical poem.

The characters of a novel or short story are very influential in evoking memory images. The manner in which they are developed or are presented, together with the resulting images, constitute a very high form of aesthetic experience. An extreme amount of vividness can render a character so life-like that the greatest emotions of an individual may be called forth. In such novels as *Anna Karenina*, *Madam Bovary*, and *Pere Goriot* the principle characters are so completely developed that a logical ending is not necessary. The reader knows the characters so well that he or she can supply a closing which will not be too dif-

ferent from that of the author's.

Incidents, though they are impossible but highly probable, likewise give an aesthetic experience to the reader. They offer a memory image of a similar incident in the life of the reader. If not, they may present a vicarious experience, which can be just as powerful. Both the incidents and the atmosphere of a work have as their main purpose to give a quality of verisimilitude to the characters.

It is the reflections of the author on the subject-matter that contain the ideal of all aesthetic experiences. For it is in the lyric poem and the essay that the author expresses his impressions and feelings for the purpose of giving the reader a similar feeling. The composer employs the many rhetorical figures of speech to vivify abstract thoughts and feelings, and thereby gives the whole a more beautiful nature for the senses and the intellect to understand. When a critic examines a piece of literature, he notices these four elements of the subject-matter, and after a brief consideration of the form of the work, he passes his judgement. So also we can be critics in the broad sense of the word. We were given an introduction in our formal education. With close attention and the use of the imagination we can become critics of literature. We will realize the various attributes which constitute beauty, and when they are met we can and will have an aesthetic experience, a realization of beauty.

By
Raymond J. Sarlitto

who said big numbers?

There is a story about two Hungarian gentlemen who were playing a game in which the person who could name the highest number won. After some deliberation, the first began the game by naming the biggest number he could think of. "Three," said he. The second gentleman then began trying to think of a higher number, but after a quarter of an hour, he gave up, saying, "You've won the game already."

Absurd? Not at all. For, after all, what is a person's idea of a big number but a measurement of his past experience in the use of figures? Most likely, though, the story is merely a fabrication designed to slander the intelligence of Hungarian gentlemen. However, it could have been entirely true if the gentlemen had been Hottentots and not Hungarians. For many of these African tribes, the highest countable quantity is "three," and any larger quantity

is merely "many."

At any rate, a number which seems big to some people may be a trivial quantity to others. Thus, the average worker's total life income may be, and probably is, petty cash to a Congressional Appropriations Committeeman, who deals in millions of dollars every day.

To illustrate this, a group of kindergarten children in New York City were asked one unusually rainy day how many drops of rain they thought would fall on New York during the day. The highest estimate was one hundred, the largest number with which the children had been acquainted. They fully realized the largeness of the quantity, and since they did not know the symbols for numbers of such magnitude, they expressed it in the largest number they knew, one hundred. When then asked how many grains of sand they thought were on the

A well-known mathematician once questioned his nine-year-old nephew on the subject of large numbers. The boy understood perfectly well the explanation of the process of representing large numbers in exponential form with the base ten, such as 10^2 , 10^5 , 10^{25} . When he was asked to name a number larger than any he had ever seen or imagined, the boy named 10^{100} (read "ten to the hundredth power"). When asked what he would call this number, the boy quickly replied: "a googol." Since then, the word "googol" has become widely accepted as a mathematical term for the number 10^{100} , or 10,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

Beach is about 10^{20} , a larger number by far, but still much less than a googol. The total number of electrons in the universe, as estimated by Eddington, is still considerably less than a googol, perhaps 10^{79} , or 1 with 79 zeros following.

Although the googol is an extremely large number, it is nevertheless finite, and being so, there must be a number larger than it. The nine-year-old boy who invented the word "googol" at the same time suggested a name for a number larger than a googol. He suggested that the name "googolplex" be applied to the number ten raised to the googol power, or 1 followed by a googol zeros. A googolplex is much larger than a googol—even larger than a googol times a googol. To illustrate the magnitude of a googolplex, it is sufficient to say that one would not have enough room to write the number out if he travelled to the farthest star, writing digits every inch of the way.

Some people might ignore or even scorn the googol and googolplex, doubting any practical use of such immense numbers. Actually, the googol and the googolplex have many practical uses in problems of combination and probability. Consider the shoe you are wearing on your left foot. Imagine that you are holding the shoe in the air by its shoestring. How long will you have to wait for the shoe to jump into your hand? Could it ever happen? Some may

say, "Impossible!" but it is possible, and simply a matter of waiting long enough for it to happen. It could happen any time from the present moment to a googolplex of years from now. The answer is found in the kinetic theory of gases and the theory of probability. Since all molecules are in motion constantly, the molecules of the surrounding air continuously bombard the shoe. At the present time, the bombardment on top of the shoe equals the bombardment from below, and gravity pulls the shoe down. It is only necessary to wait until the moment when the bombardment from below sufficiently excels the bombardment from above to overcome gravity and push the shoe into your hand. Who knows? It could happen tomorrow . . . or next Saturday. But it will almost surely happen in the next googolplex of years.

Although all the numbers previously stated here have been theoretical quantities, it is hardly necessary to take imaginary trips to Pluto or to count the number of electrons in the universe to produce really large numbers. In fact, big numbers often occur in the least suspected of problems where a number of more than ten thousand would at first sight seem absurd. A classic example of this is an old legend concerning the invention of the game of chess. According to the legend, chess was invented by Sissa Ben Dahir, grand vizier of King Shirham of India. The king wished to reward

his vizier for the magnificent game, and he asked him what he most desired. At first, the vizier's desires seemed modest in asking for merely a grain of wheat on the first square, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and so forth, doubling the number on each succeeding square, enough grains to cover all 64 squares of the chessboard. The king, silently enjoying the vizier's seemingly meager wishes, assured him his wish would be granted and ordered that a sack of wheat be brought into the throne room. But when the counting began, it became apparent that the sack would not last longer than the first twenty squares. As the counting continued, and the numbers doubly increased, it became clear that the king could not fulfill his promise with all the crop of India. To do so would have required 18,446,-744,073,709,551,615 grains.

That is not, by any means, a googolplex; it is not even a googol, but it is nevertheless a large number. Its size can be realized when we consider that there are about five million grains of wheat to the bushel. At that measure, the vizier's prize would have been about 4000 billion bushels of wheat. The world production of wheat is about two billion bushels a year. The requested prize for the invention of the game of chess was the world's production of wheat for 2000 years! Sissa Ben Dahir profited handsomely by being a better mathematician than his king.

Many big numbers may be found where least expected in the theory of choice and probability. For example, if there are 300 Christian names, in how many different ways can a mother and father give their child a combination of three Christian names? A thousand? A million even? No, the parents have even more of a choice than that, for they can select any one of 26,820,600 different combinations of three names.

In a certain company, there are ten different positions vacant, of which four must be held by men, and three by women; the remaining three may be held by either men or women. If twenty male and six female candidates present themselves, in how many ways can all the positions be filled? As computed by the mathematics of choice, if the candidates are all equally qualified, the entire selection can be made in 81,126,230,400 ways, which would mean a headache for any personnel director.

For any collection of objects in the universe, no matter how large, for the calculation of any probability, no matter how minute, for the measurement of any distance in the universe, there is a big number. People nowadays are used to the idea that they can produce as large a number as they wish merely by adding digits to the number

or its exponent. But it was not always as convenient, and sometimes even impossible. A Roman mathematician would have had to write a thousand M's in a row to express the relatively small number, one million. A poor Hottentot cannot tell his friend how many sheep he has if they number more than three — they become merely "many." The invention of a system which could conveniently produce immense numbers was an invaluable aid to the mathematics of nature.

But the important thing to realize in the face of all these immense numbers, the thing the kindergarten children and the nine-year-old nephew realized, is that they are all finite. A googol or a googolplex is in the same class as the number 1, or 2, or 3. A googolplex is no closer to the infinite than any other number, smaller or larger. As Kasner and Newman point out, "To count is to talk the language of number. To count to a googol, or to count to ten is part of the same process; the googol is simply harder to pronounce. The essential thing to realize is that the googol and ten are kin, like the giant stars and the electron. Arithmetic—this counting language—makes the whole world kin, both in space and in time."

the makers of tomorrow's homes

Of what are they made,
the makers of tomorrow's homes?
A few ounces of matter and a name;
a country's number, a place in the crowd.
And the soul? For a paltry pittance—
an old man's home—it has been sold.

In what do they believe? Explain:
their pride shatters yesteryear's idols;
like dust are the old verities.
Uncertainty as guide, the world they measure,
bursting with newest energy and power—
children with a strange gift,
travellers nowhere to go,
orphan offspring in the breaking dusk.

In what do they believe? Tell all:
the jeering fingers of friends, outstretched;
tenuous hopes gnawing at the heart.
Heavy with dreams,
life they meet and buckle.
Love is lust, and hope, despair;
faith, a varied charm-omen.
Living-dead is the multitude,
vibrant now and dead forever
in the taper-glow of hope's demise.

And only one from a hundred
or two from a thousand,
seeing realness in the now,
die to life in the Cross
and live forever in an undying love.

Francis J. Molson

the nonsensical behavior of the human being

In this tremendous age of individualism we find an outspoken and thoroughly forceful account of American nonsense embodied in the human nuisance—both public and private. Mr. Kidney (in private life a refined and courteous gentleman with a wife and two little Kidneys) takes on the role of a dynamic research specialist in his brilliant, illuminative, and highly controversial summa of the nonsensical behavior so rampant today. By his deft use of statistics (based of private interviews with 5,940 citizens) he has confronted America with astounding facts to awake her from what he has termed "the lack of knowledge in everyday affairs." Whether he has succeeded or not is up to the public at large. Mr. Kidney's book is but the spur to unite the nuisances of America to arise from their obscurity and face the world with jutted jaw.

WHAT STATISTICS PROVE:

The Kidney report is much too broad in scope for a complete resume here, but the chief facts he has given America for the first time are: (1) five out of five people are nuisances; (2) women tend to become nuisances after they marry; (3) men are just as great nuisances as women. In critically analyzing each datum and in un-

veiling his statistical terminology we find: (1) Mr. Kidney is himself a nuisance; (2) husbands are married to nuisances; (3) women are just as great nuisances as men. Thus the public is now keenly aware of its status, and its first reaction was one of revolt. But today's high regard for science has left everyone defenseless. By Mr. Kidney's complete reliance upon the scientific method, he has dealt society a paralyzing blow in the solar plexus, leaving them inarticulate.

HIS SOURCES:

Tramps, pickpockets, and mothers-in-law were the centers of his research. Mr. Kidney is the first to confess, moreover, that his inquiries have of necessity been limited, and that he has purposely disregarded the upper classes on the grounds that they believe he is a crackpot; but nonetheless he has manifold faith in his trenchant figures, believing them to be def-

A Review

by

Noel T. Coughlin

inite conclusions from the forthright declarations of the masses at large. To be utterly fair to our readers, however, we must criticise Kidney on the grounds that he has not included the neighbors' children.

APPROACH:

Each interview lasted for about three minutes. It is indeed startling how much he was able to evolve during that time. For instance when married women were interviewed, they were asked: Do you get on your husband's nerves? 4.78% answered, "Most of the time"; 10.22% answered, "Some of the time"; and 85% answered, "My husband gets on *my* nerves." His questionnaire was so subtly couched so as to almost wring the truth out of his subjects, thus enabling him to probe more conclusively into their private lives. Such a question was: "Do you clean the bathtub after having bathed? Answer carefully, for if you leave a dirty tub, you are a nuisance." Kidney has included incidentally the startling announcement that more women clean out the tub than men. He rightly concludes, therefore, that women take more baths than men. Therefore . . . Again to be fair to Kidney and his work we must state that this is a definite weak spot in his treatment. Too often does he become carried away by his own conclusive statistics.

PHILOSOPHY

INTERMINGLED:

Not confined to statistics alone,

Mr. Kidney very pointedly interjects a few philosophical gems of his own. He has proven that nuisances are a social problem, but that the problem is far beyond our power to contramand; therefore we should strive to eliminate the *social*. He maintains that if the states' anti-nuisance laws (Keep off the grass, Throw trash here), were rigidly enforced, everyone would be in jail. Mr. Kidney staunchly asserts, "Now this wouldn't do!" Though Kidney does not openly prescribe the public to throw their trash anywhere they choose, the readers of his book perceive that he is one with those who do.

CONTROVERSIAL:

There are some people who simply object to being called nuisances, and that is just what they accuse Mr. Kidney of doing. But the amount of these spoil-sports is painfully insignificant in comparison to the masses who have welcomed the Kidney report with open arms. Here, they declare, is a harbinger of unrestricted freedom, an apostle of individuality. The arguments rage, but Kidney remains unscathed. His are the best intentions, and his reward is seen by the amount of money poured into his pocket (he has not made public the statistics on how much), so that he might the more easily continue his scientific research into what was once the realm of sociology, psychiatry, and Ethics.

Shakespeare constructed *Twelfth Night* upon the foundation of an extant love romance which he complemented with a charming comedy full of keen wit and sparkling humor. He then wove these two strongly contrasted elements together with the finesse that he alone possessed. The result was a plot of delicate romance and highly farcical situations which remains to this day one of the most generally interesting and delightful of all Shakespearean comedies.

Twelfth Night is composed of two and possibly three more or less independent actions which must be rounded off before the play can be concluded. The first plot concerns the Duke. His eyes must be opened to the true nature of love that he may appreciate Viola. The second plot deals with Malvolio, whose over-inflated ego must be reduced. In what may be considered a third plot, Sebastian must be substituted for Viola in the affections of Olivia. The structure of the play is so skillfully contrived that each action is essential to the progress of the other two. This fact may be observed by dividing the play into its three organic movements instead of the meaningless editorial division of five acts.

The first of these movements, from the introduction of Orsino to Viola's discovery that she has charmed Olivia (I, i, to II, iii), is concerned almost exclusively with establishing the triangular love affair. Toby, Andrew, and Maria are

introduced to whet our appetites for their plot, and just before the movement ends, Sebastian appears that we may be reassured all will come out right before the play is over.

In the second movement (II. iii to IV, i), the love triangle remains unchanged, and the plotting against Malvolio consumes most of the action. Sebastian again has made only a token appearance, but in the final scene of the movement (III, iv), all three actions are brought together with the greatest ease as the deluded Malvolio is handed over to Toby, and Andrew and Viola are inveigled into a duel from which both are rescued by the intervention and arrest of Sebastian's friend Antonio.

The final movement, the last two acts of the play, is in a sense Sebastian's. Mistaken for Viola, he brings about the unknitting of the love triangle, rescues his friend Antonio from the revenge-minded Duke, and forces a confession from Malvolio's conspirators.

In the several sub plots involving the various love couples, Shakespeare philosophically interprets the three planes of love as exist in real life. The three divisions of love are, of course, the love of the senses, the love of the intellect, and the love of understanding. In the play the lowest type of love, that of the senses, is exemplified in the ridiculous courtship of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in the impertinent aspiration of Malvolio, and to a degree in the rather im-

pulsive passions of Olivia and Sebastian; the intellectual sort in the aesthete Duke; and the genuine love in the self-sacrificing devotion of Viola.

Many of Shakespeare's idiosyncracies on the subject of love make themselves apparent during the course of the play. His belief, moreover, that music is the food of love manifests itself in Orsino's now famous opening line of the play, "If music be the food of love, play on."

twelfth night

Again in the fourth scene of the second act, lines 1 to 6, he asserts the same fact by saying:

Give me some music:—now
good morrow friends.
Now good Cesario, but that
piece of song,
That old and antique song we
heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my
passion much . . .

By

Edmund L. Joyce

Other similar ideas brought out in the dialogue are: that love is a torment to the lover (I, i, 9); that the man should be older than the woman he loves for the Duke says, "let still the woman take an

elder than herself" (II, iv, 29); that concealed love meets with no fruition (II, iv, 113); and that scorn breeds love, for Olivia declares of Viola masquerading as Cesario:

O, What a deal of scorn looks
beautiful
In the contempt and anger of
his lip!
A murderous guilt shows itself
not more soon
Than love that would seem hid:
love's night is noon.
(III, i, 156)

Olivia also echoes what is perhaps Shakespeare's most predominant theme, that of love at first sight, when she says:

Methinks I feel this youth's per-
fections
With an invisible and subtle
stealth
To creep in at my eyes.
(I, v, 317)

Shakespeare's conviction that true love is jealous is revealed when Olivia tells the priest:

Plight me the full assurance of
your faith;
That my most jealous and too
doubtfull soul
May live at peace.
(IV, iii, 27)

Shakespeare possessed a highly developed intuition which, complemented by his well cultivated sense of observation, enabled him to capture and portray on the stage character-types taken direct-

ly from real life. Thus, even though the actions of the borrowed plots are often times absurd, the characters and scenes are so realistic that one readily forgets he is watching fantasy.

In the personality of Viola, the heroine of the play, one meets a captivating young girl who is very mature in mind. Little is known of Viola's life before Shakespeare introduces her as a victim of shipwreck in Illyria with the exception that she and her brother had early been left orphans. This mutual sorrow strongly cemented their natural ties, and the years of youthful responsibilities also endowed each of them with a great deal of self-confidence. Viola, believing her brother drowned in the catastrophe, is filled with remorse as she makes her first appearance, but she immediately displays her practical nature by realizing that she must provide for herself. Thus, she conceives the idea of posing as a boy and entering the service of the Duke as a page. She soon entrenches herself in her master's favor for he, being a very irrational character, finds a source of alleviation in her for his love sick soul. It is at this point that the youth and femininity assert themselves in Viola, and she becomes deeply enamored with her new master. Even if this upsurge of emotion in the girl could be considered a weakness, which it cannot in view of God's design for women, it is more than compensated for by the sincere and deter-

mined manner in which she attends her new duty of wooing Olivia for the Duke.

Olivia. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sherriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

(I, v, 154)

After gaining an audience with Olivia, Viola employs all of her tact to obtain her objective. She engages in a duel of wit with Maria that she may deliver the Duke's message to Olivia's ear alone.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir?
Here lies your way.

Viola. No good swabber, I am here to hull a little longer.

(I, v, 215)

Viola then arouses Olivia's interest in her message by delaying the address and by hinting at the pains which she has taken to compose it.

Just once does the woman in Viola display itself. This occurs as Olivia unveils her face, and Viola exclaims, "Excellently done, if God did all" (I, v, 254). However, this little outburst of feminine jealousy is quickly overcome as she praises the beauty.

Tis beauty truly blent whose red
and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning
hand laid on.

(I, v, 257)

Having gained favor by praise,

Viola shrewdly advances her master's suit. She spares few comparatives in describing Orsino's love. She says if she were her lord she would:

Make me a willow cabin at your
gate;

And call upon my soul within
the house;

Write loyal cantons of contem-
ned love

And sing them loud even in the
dead of night;

Halloo your name to the rever-
berate hills

And make the babbling gossip
of the air

Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should
not rest

Between the elements of air and
earth,

But you should pity me!

(I, v, 289)

Olivia misinterprets the young page's fervor and becomes deeply enamored with her charms. Upon discovering that Olivia loves a dream, Viola feels no amusement or satisfaction, but rather she is filled with pity that her disguise has occasioned this error.

Disguise, I see thou art wicked-
ness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy
does much.

How easy it is for the proper
false

In women's waxen hearts to set
their forms!

Alas our frailty is the cause, not
we;

For such as we are made of, such
we be.

(II, ii, 29)

In the following scenes, Viola tries very hard to prepare the Duke for the disappointment which appears inevitable. Still, she never divulges the secret of her pretense and of her love for him except, of course, in veiled language. Once more, she ventures to Olivia only to be met with an open display of affection and complete rejection for her master. Viola is crestfallen. She has essayed all of her efforts in Orsino's behalf and has failed. This is proof that Viola's love approached very near to the divine for she concentrated all of her efforts towards winning Olivia for the Duke fully aware, meanwhile, that she was sacrificing any chance for her own future happiness. Nevertheless, she is concerned only with his felicity. Truly, this is the most admirable trait to be found in any woman.

Further proof of the unselfish nature of Viola's love is evidenced in the fact that she seeks no apologies from the Duke (after he transfers his vacillating affections to her) for his earlier accusations of ingratitude and betrayal as his envoy of love.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Duke deserved such devotion. He is a man who is, "fresh and stainless, free, learned and valiant" (I, iv, 277). Apparently his position has allowed him much time to delve into the arts for he displays the effects of one infected by their

ethereal quality. He takes a great delight in absorbing the vapors of melancholy arising from his love of unattainable beauty which manifests itself in the person of Olivia. For spiritual solace, he turns to music saying dramatically:

If music be the food of love,
play on;
Give me excess of it, that sur-
feiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so
die.

(I, i, 1)

His imagination soon exhausts this food, however, and he begins to realize the insatiable quality of this life;

. . . Enough! no more!
'Tis not so sweet now as it was
before.

(I, i, 6)

Thus, Orsino is a man whose vicissitudes hardly qualify him as practical. As the play progresses and he, "unclasps to her [Viola] the book of his secret soul" (I, iv, 13), he gleans much from her wisdom. At first he defends himself against her sagacity:

For such as I am all true lovers
are,
Unstaid and skiltish in all mo-
tions else,
Save in the constant image of
the creature
That is beloved.

(II, iv, 18)

Gradually, he realizes the super-

ficiality of his dream world. He becomes more and more serious and practical. This is evidenced in such as statement as:

... let still the woman take
An elder than herself . . .
Our fancies are more giddy and
unfirm,
More longingly; wavering,
sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
(II, iv, 29)

It is true that the Duke again bleeds some of the nectar of sorrow at his first rejection by Olivia, but by the end of the play, Viola has nursed him to maturity. His plot in the play is resolved when he accepts admirably Olivia's choice and chooses for himself a more worthy object for his amour, namely Viola.

In Olivia, Shakespeare presents still a different type of character. She is a woman of much beauty and a normal amount of intelligence. Because she has wealth, she is catered to by everyone including the Duke who, while indifferent to her fortune, bores her with his subservience. She hides herself behind a cloak of mourning for her dead brother, but it is evident that she is not too intent in this role for her speeches and jests show no sign of sorrow. It is not surprising, therefore, that she flames out into passion for the disguised Viola who cares not for her beauty and is clearly glad to escape from her. Olivia, herself, is astonished at her own impulsiveness:

... Not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man.
How now!
Even so quickly one way catch
the plague?

(I, iv, 312)

She quickly concedes to her fancy blaming fate—

Fate, show they force: ourselves
we do not owe
What is decreed must be, and
be this so!

(I, iv, 332)

Thus rationalizing, Olivia frees herself from her vows of mourning and leaps all of the social barriers of modesty to pursue her desire. But one cannot condemn Olivia for her actions. She is simply a victim of her wealthy state in life. She readily accepts Sebastian who is the male counterpart of his sister.

That he does mirror his sister is the extent of our knowledge about Sebastian. The conditions of the plot do not require nor even permit him to be often in sight. Shakespeare accomplished a great deal in defining this character with a very few words. Still his character is clear for he is very similar to Viola both in the texture of their souls and in external appearance. Of course, they are identical only as far as proper manliness in the one and proper womanliness in the other permits. Personal bravery, for example, is as characteristic of Sebastian as modesty is of Viola.

In the underplot, Shakespeare introduces a group of characters who by the very diversity of their several tempers present a broad comic effect. Sir Toby Belch is the center of this cluster. Being a descendant of the Falstaff family, he possesses a rich stock of wit, a plentiful lack of money, and a strong propensity towards drinking. He further has a decided penchant for practical jokes which may expose pretense of virtue or bravery. Sir Toby makes no pretense about his habits, but rather revels in his infamy.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be those boots too; and they be not, let them themselves in their own straps.

(I, iii, 8)

Sir Toby's companion and source of revenue, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is perhaps the most pitiful simpleton that Shakespeare ever created. His role is obviously to be the butt of Sir Toby's jokes. An example of this foolish prodigal's intelligence may be seen in the lines following Feste's song:

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

(II, iii, 54)

Feste, the clown, is a very remarkable creation of Shakespeare in that he is not only the principal comic of the play but he is essential to its knitting as well. It is he who interprets the actions and foibles of the major characters and points out their faults so that the audience will not be lead astray in its sentiments. Feste is perhaps older than the other characters being, "a fool that the Lady Olivia's father too, much delight in" (II, iv, 11). His philosophy is a simple acceptance of the facts of life. He is not a comedian in the sense of loud bawdy jokes, but rather he is a notable "corrupter of words" (III, i, 42). He is so adept at twisting words and meanings that he rarely loses a verbal combat. He, himself, says in one such bout with Viola, "words are grown so false that I am loathe to prove reason by them" (III, i, 28).

In satirizing the foolish attitudes of the principal figures, Feste makes it clear that Orsino loves love, that Olivia mourns unwisely for a ghost, and that Malvolio loves himself.

In the fourth scene of act two, the Duke, upon rising from bed, enters calling for music. He requests, "that old and antique song" (II, ii, 4), which he then proceeds to analyze:

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.

The spinsters and knitters in the sun

And the free maids that weave
the thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly
sooth.
And dallies with innocence of
love,
Like the old age.

(II, iv, 46)

Orsino then asks Feste to sing this song whereupon the clown obliges the Duke with, "Come away, come away death," a song which mocks the passion of the Duke.

Feste also demonstrates to Olivia the folly of her resolution to withdraw from the world for seven years in mourning for her brother.

Clown. Good madonna, why
mourn'st thou?

Olivia. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell,
madonna.

Olivia. I know his soul is in
heaven, fool.

Clown. The more the fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

(I, iv, 72)

Of all the conspirators, only Feste has a scene alone with Malvolio. Herein he teases and torments the steward unmercifully. "I tell thee," cries Malvolio, "I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria" (IV, ii, 114), and Feste replies, "Well-a-day that you were, sir" (IV, ii, 116).

Maria is the wittiest and the shrewdest of all the comic characters. She keeps with prudence her place with Olivia; lures Sir Toby into marrying her; quiets the drunkards; invents the practical joke on Malvolio, and enjoys the result more than any of the others. Her intense dislike for Malvolio leads her to sum up his person in a few lines:

The devil of a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters if by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

(II, iii, 159)

Some modern scholars say Shakespeare meant to personify Puritanism in Malvolio. It is because he threatens the existence of Sir Toby and his retinue that he is hated and further the reason for his mistreatment. Other moderns, in staging the play accentuate his persecution, and it is often stated that King Charles I drew his pen through the title *Twelfth Night* and substituted *Malvolio*.

It is hard to believe, however, that Shakespeare meant the Malvolio plot to assume such proportion. It is more plausible that Shakespeare wrote the play simply as a varied picture of human na-

ture ranging from the highest to the lowest rank of person, and from the wisest to the most foolish. Further, the theme of *Twelfth Night* is love. Love is delineated in each of its sundry forms. Thus, the logical conclusion to be drawn is that Malvolio is a picture of one type of love, which is vanity. Shakespeare did not intend to be malicious.

It would seem most appropriate to conclude this brief study of *Twelfth Night* with a tribute to the greatest of all playwrights, William Shakespeare. Mark Van

Doren has written a very concise statement which seems to explain Shakespeare's power.

Shakespeare loved the world as it is.

That is why he understood it so well,

And that in turn is why he could

make it over again into something so

rich and clear.

Twelfth Night is a manifestation of Shakespeare's ability.

Hilaire Belloc, who died last July at the age of 82, wrote his own epitaph: "When I am dead I hope it may be said: 'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read'."

When old April begins to mellow into gentle May, delightful showers bespatter the open fields and warm breezes caress budding nature, the English countryside is clothed in green as far as the descending blue of the spring sky that silhouettes the distant woods and forests. When the song birds returns to their nests, the forest animals emerge from their winter haunts, and the highways once again resound to the clip-clop of trotting horses and the tread of the first travellers—when all of the above is happening—all readers of one of the greatest literary masterpieces are taken on a pilgrimage to Canturbury through the English countryside. The same countryside not too long back heard the shouts of Robin Hood, Maid Marion, and other members of his famed band. Alfred retreated, Arthur died, and Richard marched through here. Now a pilgrimage makes its way down the tranquil roads.

Like spectators at a marionette performance, we are in that bustling, jostling band winding Canturbury-wards. We are here on request, by invitation from the Master of Ceremonies himself, who introduces the travellers to us as he mingles with them, scoffing at one and laughing at another. More intimately than spectators, however, we see into the hearts of the pilgrims, observing through the eyes of their guide, the secret hopes, fears, and loves of these people. How often have we, immersed in

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Francis J. Molson

a crowd of strangers alike only in a common destination, not wondered about them: who they were, what they did in life, and how they thought and reacted. Unable to discover for ourselves and wanting more than automatons along with us, therefore, we fancied careers for them and fabricated loves and hates. On this trip, however, we have no need to create situations and names; the pilgrims are already known. All we must do is let the guide show us around and introduce us to his acquaintances.

Here is a knight, gentleman and warrior, his battle-rent garments obvious to all. There is a prim and delicate Prioress, possessing a strong tinge of the dominating woman. Further back we see a raucous, middle aged matron, well versed in love who claims her livelihood is marriage. Cognizant of her declining powers, she still delivers her free opinions with telling effect like the early forerunner of the emancipated woman, that she is. Monks, priests, both ecclesiastical and feudal officials are gathered in the pilgrimage; some are very good; a few, evil and the most, just normal, God-fearing people. These are the people we are privileged to know. These are the human beings the master genius, Geoffrey Chaucer, delineates for us in his guise of Master of Ceremonies.

Merry England was an England of centuries ago. Historians may carp about the authenticity of such an epithet but through the subsequent centuries people have

believed in Merry England. To people sickened by wars and anxieties, the dim and faraway picture of a once merry England appeared like an opiate, a fabrication of wistful thinking. Yet contrary to some historians and prevalent opinion, there was once a Merry England, free of the tremendous-in-scope anxieties we know so well today. There were troubles in England of medieval times, no doubt about it; but a living Faith and the medieval perspective of life alleviated them. What were the sorrows of wars, economic "pinch-pennyng," domestic discord, and sickness compared to the reward of a well lived life—heaven? God was with and among the people of those times and they did not hesitate to see His finger in any event, be it good or bad. This was the Merry England where people smiled through their tears, happy and confident in the hope of a heavenly reward. This was the Merry England where the comic verged so often on the tragic. This was the Merry England Geoffrey Chaucer lived in and loved.

Geoffrey Chaucer was a fourteenth century Englishman, gentleman and courtier around court. He was a well travelled man and served as a kind of special envoy for the King whose Queen was Chaucer's sister-in-law. After death he would have been only another name in a long list of medieval court officials except for the fact he was a distinguished writer. For he was a literary genius who

understood his times. His literary output is impressive, but his masterpiece is the scintillating *Canterbury Tales*—a verbal tapestry that reflects the many-sided life of Merry England. The roots and trunk of Chaucer's writings were steeped in the Middle Ages, but some of the branches and most of the blossoms show distinct traces of the incipient Renaissance. The combination of Medieval and Renaissance goes far in explaining Chaucer's unique genius.

Chaucer stands in the direct line of those men who reflect the spirit of Merry England. The line that began with Caedmon in the dim origins of English literature culminated in the trio of geniuses so akin in outlook—Chaucer, Thomas Moore, and G. K. Chesterton. Theirs was the genius that drank of the same magic potion that impelled the great heroes of medieval romance to love too much yet to love not wisely and to undertake arduous quests for their lady love. Their *la belle dame sans merci* was England above all; their quest, keeping England merry. Chaucer possessed, furthermore, along with (and perhaps in opposition to) the medieval concern for the out-of-place and gigantic, the poet's faculty of viewing the usual as extraordinary. Much earlier than Chesterton he recognized that, although a foot long nose was fantastic, the mere fact that men had noses was much more mysterious and wonderful. This childlike awareness, coupled with the faith

peculiar to medieval times, accounts for most of Chaucer's genius. His native and genial sense of humor was another important factor, yet the one ingredient that made for perfection was the tinge of Renaissance in Chaucer's art. Seeping in from a resurgent Italy, the Renaissance gave to Chaucer his veneer of sophistication that aided him in his tolerant and aloof understanding. His acquaintance with the more humanistic Renaissance, garnered through his travels, enabled him to see less of the escatological medieval *schema* of life and more of the everyday and humdrum earthliness in life. He saw men, therefore, not so much *apropos* their final God-intended end, but rather as human beings earth-contained and restricted by man's own conventions—the emphasis placed accordingly on man's humanity and his role in the human race.

The Medieval and Renaissance combine in Chaucer to produce his genius, to which all who have ever read his works with any intelligence bear witness. Even scholars, always the last to approve of any public espousal of a writer, have sided with the reading public in their judgment. Chaucer is a genius, in English literature second only to Shakespeare, granted; yet the *Tales* appear as foreign garble to the student coming for the first time to Chaucer. Language is the big obstacle. On first perusal the beginner finds his enthusiasm waning. His interest lags as he flips

back to the gossary countless times to unearth the meaning of new words. Idioms must be construed and understood. Whole passages have to be placed in their proper historical context before any semblance of sense emerges. The reader finds enough perplexity, but test questions, instead of clarifying the situation, only obstruct progress and dampen enthusiasm. As an example: there must be ten different Johns and Allison in the Tales; keeping them distinct and in their respective context is too much for the general reader. Enjoyment of the whole is lost in the struggle to memorize details. Details do add zest to the complete enjoyment of Chaucer but the beginner is lost in trivia, as he understandably terms such minor details as names of husbands, colors of jackets, and fair or dark complexioned characters.

The difficulties are genuine;

what the novice in Chaucer, however, must keep in mind is that beginnings are always arduous. This advice may sound like a truism, no better than most. Yet it is the only sane way to approach the problem. After the language problem is solved, the tales will come alive. Details, which not too long ago the reader considered as trivia, finally come into focus and strike the reader as the element in Chaucer which make his tales immortal in the variety of characterization. Technical obstacles surmounted, Chaucer's genius stands firm: a nostalgic glimpse into an once happier England; a lingering aroma of an era, long associated with love, romance, courage, and faith. Finally like a connoisseur of old vintage wines, the familiar reader of Chaucer appreciates his distinctive flavor, a flavor sparkling in tolerance and sanity, understanding and good humor.

book

reviews

The House That Nino Built. Giovanni Guareschi. Farrar, Strauss, & Young: New York. 1953.

Any reader who has already acquainted himself with the previous writings of Giovanni Guareschi will need little introduction to the author's latest work, *The House That Nino Built*. Though the average American reader might take as mere wit and humor his copious Don Camillo stories, Guareschi writes with a more definite purpose than wit. The genial, countrified parish priest of the author's imagination has angered more Italian leftists than one might imagine. A perfect example of his "outrageous" insults to Marxism is the portrayal of the late Premier Stalin as a veritable Cyclops. It is indeed a pleasure to find Signor Guareschi moving from the field of political to that of social satire, in the form of a burlesque on his own family life.

Nino (Guareschi himself) is portrayed, not as the stern but respected patriarchal head of the house, but as a poor, frustrated, female-dominated husband and father. When he occasionally puts his foot down on certain matters, he is met by such a barrage of dissent that he must retire meekly to

his corner and forget the whole thing. His obviously superior logic, not to mention his household position as bread winner, avail him nothing in his frequent tiffs with his not too bright wife, Margherita. She firmly maintains that his profession as journalist and author is, at best, somewhat shady. She twists his statements to her own advantage. She even accuses him of trying to alienate her children's affections from her when he simply suggests that she treat him more lovingly and courteously in their presence. Yet he is equally defenseless against the sallies of daughter, son and family cat. The Duchess, baptised Carlotta, a seven year old spitfire with an impulse towards machinery and a penchant for parent-baiting, is by all odds the most colorful character in Nino's house. She is by turns, fickle in her parental affections, imperious, repentent, childish, and grown-up, a typical precocious result of self-styled progressive educators. At the same time Alberto, Nino's heir and hope of perpetuity, is unimaginative, uninteresting, nondescript. Only occasionally does the author condescend to lend him any uniqueness of character, and then on a rather abnormal level. His chief function, it

seems, is to exasperate his parents in a manner completely contrary to that of his sister.

The stories are all, more or less, connected and revolve around the family's exodus from the city of Milan to a home in the country. But amid the varied assortment of plots this fact is hardly noticeable unless looked for. Actually, the stories range from an unsuccessful attempt at household economy to a day at the industrial fair, from a description of their cat's heroism to moving day. The chapters are all quite short, and because of freshness of style the book is quite swift reading. At this point, though, we must let the translator from the original Italian, Frances Frenaye, take a well deserved bow. Undoubtedly a great deal of the credit for the enjoyment of the book by the American public must go to her, for her translation into that peculiarly colloquial English of the average American has made *The House That Nino Built* a work with appeal to the young and old, the professor or the laborer.

If you're looking for a few hours of delightful reading you'll find it in the *House That Nino Built*. Here is none of the hilarity that leaves you with the impression of time wasted, nor the gravity of a thoroughly plotted and subplotted novel that leaves you depressed. Rather, here are many amusing caricatures reminiscent of incidents and characters we know so well.

John K. Miller

Black Banners. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. The Forty-Five Press. 1945.

The escatological novel is another product of the critical times in which we live. The issues at hand—God and existence versus communism and destruction—have given rise to this type of novel where all the characters are measured from the vantage point of death, judgment, heaven and hell. Novels of this type can be genuine works of art containing character, plot and the other essentials; witness Graham Greene. Most, however, devolve into novels of ideas where theme is predominate and characters tend to be types standing for various attitudes towards life. Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's latest novel is one of the latter type. The imminence of death hangs over it. *Black Banners* tells the story of how a group of Bavarians reacted to the last war. It ends tragically in one sense because all die. On the other hand it is a glorious death for some since they realized to the fullest in their lives the truth of the gospel admonition: what avail-eth a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his immortal soul?

Rather as an insight into the Bavarian Catholic than as a novel does *Black Banners* succeed. There are some severe artistic failings: all the characters, especially the Americans, are mere sounding boards for the author's ideas. The story line limps, most seriously in

the chapter devoted to George's diary. The sections given over to Van Houten, the American aviator, fail to come alive; Van Horte is too much the author's puppet. Yet, all in all, Kuehnelt-Leddihn has given us Americans another opportunity to appreciate the Catholic European face to face with death in the guise of communism.

Francis J. Molson

The Mouse Hunter. Lucile Hasley. Sheed and Ward. 1953.

Humor, says Chesterton, is the delicate faculty of noting and appreciating the absurdities of people and of oneself. In this choice collection of her personal essays, Mrs. Hasley indulges in this appreciation scintillatingly and, above all, humorously. What adds depth to this faculty is the meaty seriousness beneath the candied icing. Oftentimes her humor is presented as a spiritual tidbit. It is this charming spirituality that gives her work a richer flavoring than her last book, *Reproachfully Yours*. Since she was then a comparatively new convert to the faith, she did not have the fruit of advancement in wisdom, age, and grace that this book displays. Occasionally, however, Mrs. Hasley commits the mortal sin of contriving her humor, overdrawing it; but, thank heaven, these instances are over-shadowed by a spontaneity that prevents the reader from going on to the next line until he's finished chuckling.

A book of this nature defies any

theme; nevertheless, beneath her rambling she maintains a definite, recurring undertone: life is one grand gift of God. Her message is: smilingly make the best of it for Him. She is asking for sanctity in everybody—particularly in the realm of the Christian family.

Her style warrants a warning. To some such statements as, "One who is only two inches from heaven can afford to miss out on the final liturgical farewells," might appear irreverent. These had better pick up another book because her essays are thus punctuated. What she treats lightly she takes seriously. It's not her faith she is laughing at, but herself. If only on this point, the book is worth reading. Not all of her fun, however, deals with the serious.

Tacked on to these essays is a set of five short-stories all about the little incidents of everyday life and everyday people. Here, too, there seems to be the thought: they look little, dear reader, but look again. She copes rather successfully with the natural handicap of her femininity in writing about the sentimental. It doesn't run away from her too readily. When it does, she manages to catch up with it. It is in these stories that she proves she can be literarily effective in a pleasant sort of way.

The book does not pretend to be a literary classic, but in its own right it is a different kind of classic, a classic of down-to-earth Catholicism that should have a timeless appeal to those who are

harrassed by little nicks in their everyday spiritual armor and are lacking Mrs. Hasley's outlook. She is dubbed a personal essayist, but in reality her works are not really

essays, but dialogues in which Mrs. Hasley does all the talking; her style is that conversational. Oddly enough, the reader does not mind one bit.

Noel T. Coughlin